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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 40

Monday Afternoon – Apollonia's Residence – 17 February 2003

Apollonia Moretti watched her father grieve next to his wife's lifeless body. She let him do so for a good ten minutes before she went over to him and kicked him. He looked up at her his eyes bloodshot and empty of any life. "Get up!!! Time to take care of business. I want to know now, Mario, what you'd like to do with the cunt Lucia's lifeless body."

Mario knew she needed him to make sure nothing came out about how or why Lucia Moretti met her demise. He knew he had something to hold over her head, because she did not have the connections he did, unless, she cultivated certain associations without his knowledge. He did not stand up, but said, "I would like to bury her in the family plot, Apollonia. I need to make some calls. This has to be kept very quiet."

"No, daddy dearest, you don't have to make any calls. You have one call to make and that is to Uncle Fiorello to tell him that you're a widower and no longer in charge of the family. He'll understand because he knows the history of the Moretti family. I will allow you to bury her in the family plot so when you die you can lie next to her as your bones decay into nothingness. What I need from you right now is proof of your subservience to me as the family leader."

Mario Moretti released his hold on his dead wife, kissed her on her forehead, rolled to his knees, bent his head to his daughter's feet, and kissed them. He looked up at her and said, "I am yours to do with as you please. My life is yours. My business is yours. All of my assets and personal belongings are yours. I relinquish all authority to you, Mistress Apollonia."

Apollonia looked down at her father and said, "I know where all the skeletons are hidden. I've known for years and that cunt tried on numerous times to fuck me over. Now, she lays there getting cold. I won. As for you, daddy, I expect you to act accordingly and failure to do as I say will put you next to your wife in a heartbeat. I need to advise you that all of the members of the family are aligned behind me. You have no power and no one to help you regain your standing. I will let you live in the main house. You move any of the hidden items and I'll know about it."

"Yes, Miss Apollonia."

"Now, you and Viviano take Lucia out to the garage. I will call Luigi to come get her and take her to Uncle Gino's funeral home. You can go if you like, but I expect to see you here tomorrow morning at seven before you go to

work. Oh, and if you so desire, you can fornicate with her dead body until Luigi arrives. I'm sure you'd like to give her a parting fuck before you find out if I'm going to put you in chastity, emasculate you, or nullify you. I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Yes, Miss Apollonia."

Mario stood and with Viviano's help, carried the lifeless body of Lucia Moretti out to the garage.

"Nothing to say to me Raffaella?" asked Apollonia.

Raffaella couldn't answer her sister. No words could express her loathing for her younger sister. She wanted to scream and yell at her. If she had the strength, she'd choke the life out of her, but she knew any effort to get revenge for the murder of her mother would be met with a force she knew would put her next to her mother in the family plot. "I don't know what to say to you."

She watched as her sister leaned in to her and whispered, "Tell me you love me. Because, the little incestuous lovemaking we shared is now reversed. You are my bitch. Your daughter is my bitch and your son is going to know what it means to serve a dominant woman. In fact, I think I'm going to sleep with Carmen tonight."

Raffaella pleaded, "No, please, anything but the children. I'll do whatever you tell me to do, Apollonia. Just, let Antonio and Carmen survive seeing their grandmother murdered. Please..."

Apollonia placed her hands on her sister's head and gently massaged her scalp. She leaned in again and said, "Tonight I'm going to sleep with Carmen. Now, release your children and place a loving kiss on my pussy to show me you're subservience."

Lifting her arms from her children's shoulders, Raffaella Rossi, nee Moretti, slid off the couch and on her knees in front of her sister. Her eyes filled with tears as she did as her sister commanded. She reached up and slid the thin material of Apollonia's dress up revealing her lace covered pussy. Raffaella leaned in and place a kiss on her sister's pussy. She felt her sister massage her scalp and knew that as long as she complied with her sister's wishes she would be looked after by Apollonia. She kissed her until her sister stepped back and pointed to the couch. Raffaella returned to her seat between her children.

"Sonny Rossi," said Apollonia. "Time for you to express to me your undying devotion and assurance that you are not going to do anything stupid like go to the authorities."

Sonny Rossi slipped from the couch and like Raffaella positioned himself in front of her on his knees. He looked up at the woman he wanted to spend his lifetime with but now fearful of what she could and would do to him said, "I am so afraid yet so much in love with you that I'm at a loss for words. I don't want to say the wrong thing to you now, please tell me what you want and I will, without hesitation, comply."

He saw a smile cross Apollonia's face and felt a bit of his stress melt away. "Sonny, tonight you are going to explain to Colin what happened. You are going to make sure the sissy does not do anything stupid. You will sleep with him tonight and every night this week. You will make passionate love to him. When I see him I want to know you have made him into your sissy lover. If you fail, I promise you, your cock and balls will be the centerpiece of my mantle. They'll be floating in formaldehyde in a jar. Understood?"

Sonny closed his eyes and wondered how he was going to survive sleeping next to and making love to Colin. "Yes, Miss Apollonia."

Viviano returned to the great room just before Sonny fell to his knees in front of Apollonia. He watched as his brother accepted having to sleep with Colin and wondered what he would be forced to do by his sister-in-law. When Sonny replied in the affirmative, Viviano decided it was time to test Apollonia's meddle. He walked over to where she stood and made it very obvious that he was not in accordance with her takeover of the Moretti family. He stood legs

slightly apart and said to Apollonia, "I don't fuckin' care who you think you are I'm not going to kowtow to you anymore. What I saw you do it beyond the pale, Apollonia. Trust me, I'm not about..."

Before he could say another word, Viviano, all six foot two inches of him rose off the floor as Apollonia's right instep made contact with his denim covered testicles. She kicked him twice more before he fell to the floor, his hands holding his crotch, and his eyes watering from the pain that was shooting from his battered balls. Raffaella jumped up to go to his aid, but was stopped when she felt her sister's open hand crash against her left cheek. Antonio and Carmen renewed their crying as they watched their Aunt physically abuse their father and mother. Apollonia glared at her sister for a moment, but returned her attention to her ululating brother-in-law.

She bent over his prone body, "So, Viviano, have I taught you a lesson?" She reached down, pushed his hands away from his crotch, and placed her right hand between his legs. "Don't ever think you're smart or strong enough to eradicate what has occurred today. You are no longer my father's sycophant. The testicles that are pressing against my right hand can continue to produce oodles of money for you and my sister. The difference is, dearest brother-in-law, the royalty comes to me. I will determine the who, the what, the when, and the where of your daily living for the rest of your life."

He felt her hand pressing against his crotch. The pain was subsiding and he regained his composure. Viviano Rossi learned in a few seconds the meaning of subservience to a stronger individual. Since marrying Raffaella he never had to suffer physical abuse at the hands of Mario or Lucia. He never expected to see what he witnessed when his sister-in-law snapped her mother's neck. He didn't respond to Apollonia. He remained prone on the floor, her hand still resting against his denim covered testicles, wondering what would befall him.

Apollonia saw her bother-in-laws lack of response as acceptance of his position and her dominance over him and his family. She removed her hand from his crotch, smiled the sick smile of a sociopath, and said, "So Viviano is my father fucking his dead wife?"

Viviano groaned at the thought of having intercourse with a dead person. The act of necrophilia never entered his mind. The thought disgusted him. He looked up at Apollonia and said, "When I left your father he was on the garage floor holding his dead wife. He was holding her and crying like a child. Bemoaning his fate and wondering why you would take the life of the woman who gave birth to you. So, Apollonia, you cunt, I don't know if your father is having relations with your dead mother."

"Feel better???" Apollonia asked. "Wrong way to address me... I guess you have to learn the hard way." Again, before Viviano could react, Apollonia began to pound his crotch with her right fist. She relentlessly beat her fist against Viviano's testicles. She knew she'd made her point when Viviano rolled to his right side and regurgitated onto the hardwood floor of the great room.

Nodding her head with approval she stood up and said to her sister, "Get your fuckin' ass off the couch and into the kitchen. Get a pail and a mop and clean up your fuckin' shithead's mess. When you're done help him to the couch. Return to the kitchen and start making something to eat for all of us. I'm fuckin' starved."